And You Shall Receive

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And You Shall Receive

by peacefrog

Summary

> “Would you like my hands anywhere in particular?” Hannibal asks, as simply as he might ask someone what they would like for dinner.
>
> “Just,” Will considers his words for a moment, mind suddenly blank for perhaps the first time in his life. “Everywhere.”
>
> Continuation of You Need Only Ask

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will wakes with Hannibal's arms locked firmly around his chest, face buried between his shoulder blades. One of Hannibal's legs is slung over Will's hip. He is pleasantly surprised when he is not struck with the immediate urge to flee. He should feel suffocated, trapped. Instead, he only feels the warmth of absolute safety coiling around him.

He feels other things as well, including the growing heat of arousal stirring in his belly, Hannibal's erection obscenely brushing against his ass through the very thin fabric separating them.

"Hannibal," he whispers, turning his body until Hannibal loosens his grip, repeating his name again as he rolls onto his back.

"Mm?" Is all he gets in response, Hannibal nuzzling into his cheek and slinging an arm over his chest.

"Are you awake?"

"Yes," Hannibal mumbles into his neck, voice thick with sleep.

Adorable is the first word that passes through Will's mind. Not something normally associated with a cannibalistic serial murderer, but Will figures one does not necessarily negate the other. Just as all of his wickedness does not negate the fact that he is soft and so very warm as Will runs his fingers across the smooth expanse of his shoulder.

"You said," Will speaks into Hannibal's hair. "If I desired anything else…"

With that Hannibal stirs, lifting his head to meet Will's gaze in the semi-dark, the first hints of sunrise streaking across the curtains.

"What do you desire, Will?" Hannibal asks, face so close to Will's their lips nearly touch as he speaks.

The only problem is Will doesn't quite know *what* he desires. *More* almost spills from his lips, but he knows that doesn't even begin to cover it. His head swims, his own arousal as well as Hannibal's hanging heavy in the air, and for a moment he is uncertain whose heartbeat he hears drumming in his ears. Hannibal's. His own. Both thumping simultaneously. The two of them intersecting, all the details of Will Graham blurring around the edges.

"Put your hands on me," is what comes out when he finally allows himself to speak.

"Would you like my hands anywhere in particular?" Hannibal asks, as simply as he might ask someone what they would like for dinner.

"Just," Will considers his words for a moment, mind suddenly blank for perhaps the first time in his life. "Everywhere."

"May I kiss you?" Their lips already brushing as Hannibal asks.

“Yes,” Will whispers, and just like that they are kissing.

Hannibal’s lips are warm, his hands even warmer still. He sucks at Will’s bottom lip, licks into his mouth, and Will allows himself to be guided, smooth slide of Hannibal’s tongue against his own perfectly matching the pace of his hands gliding up and down Will’s torso.

Hannibal breaks the kiss, lips grazing against his jaw as he moves down to plant kisses all along his neck. He sucks at the tender flesh of his throat, not hard enough to bruise, just enough to elicit soft gasps from Will as he arches up into Hannibal’s touch, fingers brushing against his nipples.

Hannibal’s fingers are like flames licking his skin, feather soft touches all over his chest, his shoulders, down his sides and up across the softness of his belly setting him alight. Hannibal nuzzles into the hollow of his throat, grazes his teeth along his clavicle, and for a moment his hands suddenly feel as if they truly are everywhere, all at once.

Will is ablaze, a thousand tiny flickers emanating from Hannibal’s fingertips, singeing his skin, and Will wonders if searing heat always feels this good. He has never been happier to burn.

Hannibal brings his hands up to cradle Will’s face as he kisses his mouth once more, straddling his thigh, erection tenting the front of his pants and brushing against Will’s hip as he moves.

“May I?” Hannibal whispers against Will’s lips, tugging at the waistband of his boxers.

Will nods, lifting his hips as Hannibal makes quick work of them, tossing them down to the floor.

“Do you trust me?” Hannibal asks.

“Yes,” Will doesn’t hesitate for even a second, shocking himself with how easily this suddenly is, blistering heat between them quickening his pulse as Hannibal begins planting kisses down his body, lower and lower…

A strangled sound escapes Will, something he barely recognizes as his own voice, as Hannibal seals his lips around the head of his cock. He had almost forgotten about how painfully hard he was, too focused on Hannibal’s touch and his lips to notice he was leaking all over himself.

Will grasps at the back of Hannibal’s head, wants to fuck into the heat of his mouth, shove his cock down until it hits the back of his throat, but Hannibal pins his hips to the bed, holding him in place. He slowly suckles just the tip, lapping at his slit, savoring Will as he would a freshly roasted ortolan at his dinner table.

Hannibal’s lips are softer than anything Will has ever known, hot and wet and perfect as he mouths along the shaft of Will’s cock, down to his balls, sucking them between his lips and rolling them around on his tongue. He does this again and again, up and down, nuzzling him,

lips grazing his flesh so gently it toes the line of cruelty, sucking just the tip of Will's cock between his lips, denying him the almost painful urge to fuck his mouth.

Will is babbling, or sobbing, or whining, or some combination of the three. He tugs at Hannibal's hair too hard, digs his nails into his scalp probably hard enough to draw blood, but Hannibal doesn't seem to notice as his own fingers dig into Will's hips hard enough to bruise.

"*Please*," he is vaguely aware of his own voice begging, over and over, as Hannibal continues his slow torture, never letting up, never quickening his pace.

Hannibal is seemingly content to slowly devour Will as the sun comes up, making love to him with his mouth. Hannibal is moaning as if he is the one being made love to. As if Will is some long forbidden fruit he is finally sinking his teeth into. As if he might come from this alone, completely untouched himself.

"Go on then," Hannibal practically purrs between Will's legs, fingers releasing his hips at once. "Do it."

For a split second Will is uncertain what he means, but then Hannibal is taking him into his mouth and Will can't help but growl as he finally, *finally,*, is allowed to take what he wants, what he *needs*. And Hannibal lets him take it, lets him use his mouth, sliding into the tight heat of Hannibal's throat so easily, again and again, as he utterly loses himself to white-hot pleasure.

When Will comes it's like an epiphany, and for a moment he cannot tell if he's feeling his release or Hannibal's own, distantly aware Hannibal is writhing against the sheets, moaning obscenely as he swallows down every last drop Will has to offer. He feels it everywhere, like static washing over his skin, drowning him in wave after wave, the pleasure of two ripping through his body.

Hannibal buries his faces in Will's thigh after he has finished licking him clean, and the two of them lie tangled together, all ragged breaths and rapid heartbeats, until the morning sun is bleeding in through the curtains, painting their skin yellow and gold.

Will drifts for minutes, maybe hours, he can't be sure, his last conscious thought how soft Hannibal's hair is beneath his fingers, how rough his stubble is against his thigh. He only stirs when he feels Hannibal kissing his forehead gently, promises of breakfast falling from his mouth as he pulls his pants on and pads out of the bedroom, leaving Will grinning from ear-to-ear in his wake.

End Notes

Original prompt here.

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